

Begun this week! "Cavalry Custer," by the Author of "Lance and Lasso."

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No. 363.

## LEND A HELPING HAND.

BY EBEN E. REPPARD.

Lend a helping hand, my brother,  
To the weary in the way;  
You will find life's burden-bearers  
Journeying onward day by day.  
Weary, footsore, and with steps,  
And the faces white with pain,  
Lend a helping hand, my brother,  
God will help you back again.  
  
Lend a helping hand, my brother,  
To the overburdened one;  
Make his load a little lighter  
Ere the setting of the sun.  
Lift the weight of care and sorrow  
From the soul bowed down so low,  
Spend thy sympathies in the pathway  
Of the sad ones, where you go.  
  
In the march of life, my brother,  
Have you never weary grown?  
Had the heavy burden lightened  
Which you thought to bear alone?  
By the hand outstretched to help you,  
By each helpful word and smile,  
Lend a helping hand, my brother,  
It is grandly worth your while.

## Silver Sam;

OR,

### The Mystery of Deadwood City.

BY COLONEL DELLE SARA.

#### CHAPTER V.

THE BREAK IN THE PRAIRIE.

"What if it tempt you toward the flood?"  
THE officer in command of the party, a gay young sprig of a lieutenant, who had won his "bars" at West Point, not amid the red fields of the great civil war, was the first to recover from the surprise occasioned by the mysterious disappearance of the strange horseman.

"By Jove! you know, this sort of thing really astonishes me!" he exclaimed; "where the deuce did the fellow go to? Did any of you see?"

Not a man in the command, numbering ten all told, besides the lieutenant, could answer the question.

"Shure, I tould ye that it was the devil or wan of his imps!" Paddy Pud exclaimed. The Irishman was mounted behind one of the soldiers.

"Oh, but that is nonsense, my man," the officer rejoined; "that is all bosh; let us push forward and examine into the matter."

And then, after advancing a few hundred yards, the mystery of the strange disappearance of the masquerading horseman was fully revealed.

Extending in an almost straight line across the prairie, from north to south, was the bed of a watercourse, the level ten feet or so below the surrounding prairie.

The horseman, evidently posted as to the of the land, had ridden straight down the almost perpendicular bank of the now empty river-channel, for the hot prairie sun had long ago dried up the feeble stream; it was a river only when, in the springtime, the snows melted on the mountain sides; and the horseman, taking advantage of the shelter thus afforded, had succeeded in escaping, for by the time his pursuers had reached the edge of the break horse and rider were out of sight.

Paddy Pud was not at all satisfied with this explanation; his belief in the unearthly nature of the horseman was too strong to be easily shaken.

The lieutenant, dismounting, called a couple of the men to accompany him, and clambered down into the ravine. By the light of the moon they endeavored to ascertain from the hoof-marks which way the horseman had gone. In the loose, light sand the tracks of the steed were plainly visible, and an expert tracker would have had very little difficulty in trailing the fugitive, even by the light afforded by Madam Luna.

But the soldiers were neither scouts or Indians, and they were soon baffled in their attempt to follow the trail. As near as they could make out, though, the horseman had ridden to the north—toward Deadwood.

They clambered up the bank again, and after mounting their horses, held a consultation.

"It is useless to attempt to follow the fellow; he is probably five miles away by this time," the officer said.

"Yes, sir; the horse was a runner," the corporal responded.

"It's a dale of holy wather, and a praste, and a prayer, ye'd made to catch that gitlun, do ye mind?" Paddy exclaimed, expressively.

The soldiers laughed, and the corporal added:

"He played it on you, Paddy."

"Yis, of course, ye know all about it," the driver replied, with great dignity. "But I'll lay ye two pines to a slap on the back that there ain't a man to the for' here that will lave me pop at him wid my revolvers as I did at this thing, whatever it was, living or dead!"

The soldiers were rather astonished at this declaration.

"How many shots did you fire, Paddy?" the lieutenant asked.

"Not wan, sir; divil a cap would go off!"

"Shure, the thing put a spell on them!"

Again the troopers laughed: the joke was too rich.



"Stranger, slap me in the face of you love me!"

"Well, suppose we gallop up to the hack and see how much plunder he's taken," suggested the officer.

"Divil a bit of plunder was there aboard, barrin' the mail," Paddy growled, as the horses struck into a brisk trot. The doughty Irishman was not pleased with the unbelief manifested so openly as to the specter.

On arriving at the hack, the lieutenant found, as he had expected, the mail-bag open and the letters scattered over the ground.

"Just as I told you," he said, dismounting and examining the bag. "Opened by a key, too. Your spirit, Paddy, works in very mortal-like ways."

"And what the devil would the likes of him want with leathers?" asked Paddy, in wonder, joining the lieutenant on the ground.

"After valuable letters, I suppose, though I don't see exactly how he expected to get them in a mail from Deadwood; but I can't waste any more time with you now," and then the lieutenant swung himself into the saddle again.

"I must be off after my deserters."

The squad were in chase of a couple of soldiers who had forsaken Uncle Sam's colors and made a run for it.

"You had better gather the letters up, drive back to Deadwood and report."

And then the officer gave the command and the soldiers rode off, leaving the driver in a state of great bewilderment.

"Bogorra! it was a spirit!" he muttered, shaking his clenched fist at the fast-retreating soldiers. "Bad 'cess to ye, ye murtherin' blue-coated marauders!" Is it the likes of ye that will tell Paudene O'Hoolahan that he don't know a gentleman from the other world when he sees him?"

Having seized his mind with this defiant speech, the Irishman proceeded to pick up the letters and replace them in the mail-bag from which they had been so cleverly abstracted.

Then he tossed the bag into the hack, mounted the box and headed the team for Deadwood.

Great was the astonishment of the express-agent—Thomas Black, the "deacon"—when Paddy roused him from his slumbers at an early hour in the morning and related the strange attack on the coach.

The deacon was also the postmaster, and he immediately proceeded to examine the letters.

"Did he take any, Paddy?" he asked, as, with a nervous, trembling hand, he ran the letters over.

"Sorra a wan of me knows," the Irishman replied. "Shure! I thought it was a man furst, an' I baled away at him like a major."

"And your weapons missed fire, you say?" Black had finished the examination of the letters and there was an anxious, troubled look upon his face.

"Yis, sur, ivry wan of thim! I never saw the likes of it before."

Again Black commenced to run the letters through his hands, examining each and every superscription closely.

"Did you have any caps on your weapons?"

"In a twinkling the Irishman whipped out the revolvers, and showed the cylinders fully capped.

"Examine the caps; perhaps they have been tampered with?" the deacon suggested.

He was a sly old coon, and as long-headed as any man in the Deadwood district.

"Oh, no doubt about their being in good

order, sur; it's myself that always attends to them," Paddy said, confidently. But, he did examine the caps and discovered, to his utter amazement, that they had undoubtedly been tampered with, the explosive material having been carelessly removed.

"Holy smoke!" cried Paddy, in wonder. Then he produced his rifle, and an inspection plainly revealed that that weapon had also been rendered harmless.

"I thought as much," the deacon observed, evidently very much disturbed in his mind.

"The scheme was skillfully and carefully arranged. You are sure that you did not leave any letters behind when you gathered them up and put them in the bag again?"

"Oh, yis, sur, I was careful to pick up ivy scrap of paper!" the Irishman asserted.

"You are quite sure?"

"Yis, as sure as I stand here on me two feet this minute; but what is the matter, sur; are any of the letters gone?"

"Yes, two are missing. There were sixty-five letters in the bag. I remember the number distinctly, and now there are only sixty-three."

"And whose letters are gone, do ye think?"

"Ah, that is a mystery," the deacon replied, but here the deacon spoke falsely, for it was no mystery to him.

#### CHAPTER VI.

##### "MONTANA."

"For thy three thousand ducats, here are six."

BUSINESS was lively in the Big Horn saloon, as the principal hotel of Deadwood was termed. It was Saturday night and every miner for ten miles around had come into town to procure supplies for the coming week; and, if so far truth be related, the most of them who came from a distance, were fully intent upon making up for their week of toil in the mountain gulches, by getting full of the "bug-juice" retailed so freely over the bars of festive Deadwood.

A credit to the "city" was the Big Horn saloon; as good liquor sold there as could be found clear along the iron-way of the Union Pacific from Omaha to Ogden City. And naturally therefore, the creature comforts dispensed over the well-stocked bar of the "Big Horn shanty," as the irreverent miners were wont to term Dick Skelly's place, were in great demand.

Then, too, at the Big Horn, or some kindred resort, all the news of the day could be heard, and, therefore, in the evening the saloons were a place of general resort, even for the men who were not partial to strong liquors.

A sort of merchant's exchange the saloon was to the bustling business men of Deadwood.

It was a bright moonlight evening and the streets were almost as light as by day.

A group of miners were gathered before the door of the saloon, eagerly engaged in discussing the big strike reported to have been recently made in the West Gulch by the owners of the Little Montana mine.

"Who owns the concern, anyway?" asked one of the listeners, evidently a stranger.

"Why, it's Hallowell and Montana's strike," the teller of the tale answered.

"Montana?" The stranger was puzzled by the appellation.

"Yes, William Jones as he calls himself, but

all the boys call him Montana; that's what he hails from, an' that's a darn sight too many Jones' round this hicy county now, so we gin this one a handle that's going to stick to him," the free and easy citizen of the Black Hills metropolis answered. "Thar he is now," he added, as he caught sight of the individual referred to coming slowly up the street.

And all the little knot of people turned eagerly to look at the man, whose name for the last three days had been in everybody's mouth. The "Little Montana" had struck the richest "lead" that had been discovered in the vicinity of Deadwood for a long time.

"Montana" was not a man to be passed without a second glance, even in the Black Hills, where so many strange characters jostled elbows.

He stood just about the medium bight, but superbly built, every limb in just proportion; and the well-developed muscles swelling out under the silken skin like branches of steel wire, gave promise of wonderful strength. A peculiar head; the long, oval, high-cheeked, face of the Southwest; the black eyes and raven-hued hair of the Louisiana creole; the hair straight as the locks of an Indian, worn long behind, and rudely cropped in front, savage fashion; a long silken mustache curled down over the ends of the firm-set mouth, black as the hair, and a small imperial, just filling up the hollow between the full, red under lip, and the point of the square, massive chin, adorned the odd, peculiar face. The complexion of the man was the strangest thing about him. Marble-like was the color of the skin, not a tinge of vermillion on the cheeks nor a touch of bronzing, though the kiss of the sun is hot in the Black Hill gulches.

His dress, too, was a strange contrast to the garb of the men who usually made Deadwood their headquarters.

He was rigged out in full Indian fashion, except that the deerskin hunting-shirt which he wore, was cut like a sack-coat with pockets at the side, and was buttoned across the chest instead of being confined by a belt. It was thrown open at the throat, exposing the bosom of a red flannel shirt, loosely buttoned around the massive, finely-formed neck. His head was covered by the broad-brimmed, high-crowned felt hat, so commonly worn on the frontier—semi-military in its character.

No weapons did Montana display, so different from the majority of the miners, who generally strutted around with small sized arsenals strapped to their waists.

More than one had commented upon this fact, and it was shrewdly suspected that Montana was well "heeled," to use the frontier "lingo," borrowed from the slang of the English cock-pit, although he made no display of knife or pistol.

In fine, Montana carried his weapons concealed beneath his clothing, after the fashion of the citizens of the Eastern metropolises, rather than use the honest miner's custom of the far West, and buckle them plainly to his waist.

But a quiet, peaceable man Mr. William Jones seemed to be, for he had never been concerned in any trouble since his advent in Deadwood; perhaps it was because from his build and muscular development, he gave the impression of proving a troublesome customer if roused to anger.

As Montana approached the saloon he nod-

ded to those of the little group standing before the door with whom he was acquainted, and was about to pass in, when a burly figure emerged from the entrance and accosted him.

"You're jest the man I want to see, Montana."

The speaker was the new-comer's partner, Elijah Hallowell, a big, brawny specimen of humanity from the pine woods of Eastern Maine; big in person, big in heart; a man, every inch of him.

"Jest the man I wanted ter see, by gosh!" Hallowell repeated. "Come here a minit," and then he dragged Montana a little out of earshot of the rest. "Say, I've had an offer for the mine—twelve thousand dollars, clean cash! Thar's six thousand apiece an' a royalty afterwards on top o' that. What do ye think of it, hey?"

"I think that we had better hold on to the mine," Montana answered, speaking in the slow, clear, deep, peculiar voice natural to him, and which was so great a contrast to the shrill tones of the New England native or the hoarse gutturals of the Western "Pike," Misouri's son.

"A powerful sight of money, twelve thousand dollars," Hallowell urged. He was evidently tempted by the offer.

"Yes, but if it is worth that to any one else, it is worth that to us; besides, who is there round these diggings that has got twelve thousand dollars in cash?" Montana was plainly an unbeliever.

"Oh, that's all right; it's a 'pilgrim' jest got in. He's got the rocks—gobs of 'em!" Hallowell explained. "He intends to get up a stock company, put in mining machinery so as to properly develop the claim, an' he says that in his mind there is no doubt but that we will make more from our royalty, arter he gets the thing properly organized and running, than we are getting now, and we'll have the twelve thousand dollars in our pockets, hev!" What do you think of that?"

The son-of-the-State-of-Maine, as Hallowell was fond of terming himself, was considerably excited.

"Christmas!" he continued, without waiting for Montana to reply; "twelve thousand dollars for the hull thing, and everybody sed that you were cheated, too."

"Lige!" exclaimed Montana, abruptly, addressing his partner by the familiar camp term, "you've been drinking."

The good-natured giant was confused for a moment by the direct accusation, but never attempted to deny the fact.

"Christmas!" he stammered; "why, Montana, you must be able to see right into a feller! Talk 'bout hawk-eyes! You must have eyes like a gimp!"

"Well, Lige, I never saw you so

but I swar, Montana, I never thought 'bout it; till she lit out."

"You're dreaming, man," was Montana's curt reply.

"Not much, old partner!" Hallowell cried.

"Oh! you can't pull the wool over my eyes! It can't be did! I'm up to snuff, I am!"

"See here, old fellow; I'm not the kind of man to run after a woman," Montana said, grimly. "I've seen altogether too much of 'em; seen enough in years gone by to make me keep away from 'em all the rest of the days of my life!"

"Sho! you don't say so!" Hallowell exclaimed, with the peculiar gravity so natural to some men when under the influence of liquor. "Why, Montana, she's just as handsome as kin be!"

"So is the tiger-cat, but a man ain't apt to think of the beauty when he feels the claws tearing at his throat."

"What in thunder has got into you, anyway?" asked the big son of Maine, in wonder, greatly amazed at the peculiar expression upon the pale face of Montana.

"Nothing at all."

"But I never heard you speak in this way before."

"Never had occasion to, perhaps."

"Gosh! I rally thought that you kinder had a hankering arter the gal."

"You thought wrongly."

"But what makes her come up the West Gulch so much, hey?"

"Answer your own conundrums," replied Montana, evasively.

"Well, if you ain't arter the gal, I guess that she's arter you."

"Much good it will do her."

Montana was in a decidedly bad humor.

"Sho! wouldn't you like the gal to have a kind of sneaking notion arter you, hey?" said Hallowell, shrewdly.

"No."

"Well, I would!" the tall man from Maine exclaimed, honestly.

"Why, it is *you* that she is coming after!" Montana said, with a grave face.

"Oh! go way with you! You can't stuff me!" the big miner replied. "But, Montana, I don't want to pry into your affairs, and of this durned whisky hadn't got up into my head, I would have had my tongue, although I've suspicioned the thing for a week or more."

"There is no harm done; we can't help our thoughts."

"And I ain't the only one, either, that has suspected it," Hallowell exclaimed, sturdily.

"What is there any other fool—I beg your pardon, Lige, I don't want to hurt your feelings?" Montana said, with a spic of grim humor in his tone.

"Oh, go it! Ikin stand it; hard words break no bones," the other returned, grinning, good-naturedly. "But, it's a sure enough fact, that's another party has had his eyes on the gal."

"Yes," and Montana's tone was one of perfect unconcern.

"Fact! I've seen him promenading past our place, with his shot-gun slung in the hollow of his arm, a half a dozen times lately, and I reckon that when Miss Kirkley comes walking up the gulch, as she has done pretty often the last week or two, that observing cuss ain't far off."

Montana appeared annoyed.

"Why didn't you say something about this before?" he asked.

"It wasn't my soup! How did I know that you wouldn't object to my sticking my spoon in?" replied Hallowell in his rough, off-hand way. "You've got eyes like a hawk, too; I thought that, mebbe, you had noticed how the cat jumped."

"No, I never thought of such a thing; I'll own up, frankly, Lige, I do like to talk with the girl. Her presence here amid these wild scenes and rude surroundings is like a camelia flower blooming in a desert waste; it calls back hours of peace and joy amid the blossoms of civilization, and for the moment I close my eyes; another image rises there, and then I think what *might have been* if fortune had smiled kindly on me."

Never before had big Elijah Hallowell seen his partner—cold, stern-faced, iron-willed Montana—in such a mood, and he was considerably astonished.

"Sho! I guess that you have been married, then?" he said.

"Oh, yes," replied Montana, relapsing instantly again into his usual coolness. "Yes, pard, I have been married—much married, as they say of the Prophet Brigham, three or four times, and Injuns I don't count."

"Get out! now you're stuffing me again!"

"But who is this gentleman that has manifested so much interest in the West Gulch and its surroundings?"

"Can't you guess?"

"Lige, I am not a Yankee like you, and guessing isn't my best holt," Montana replied, quietly.

"Major Germaine?"

"The deuce you say!" Montana was surprised.

"Fact for sure."

"And he is after the fair Mercedes?"

"Oh, he's jest hot arter her! why, it's the talk of the town how he hangs round her."

"I don't admire him, much," Montana observed, slowly. "I don't know why it is, I have no reason to dislike him, but somehow—I suppose it is a kind of presentiment I have—I feel sure that he is no friend of mine."

"I reckon that he won't be of he thinks that you are arter the gal, or that she is arter you."

"Oh, he needn't trouble himself about that," Montana said, carelessly. "As far as I am concerned, he can have the girl and welcome."

"But to come back to business, you didn't want to sell, hey?"

"No."

"It's a big sum, and then that's the royalty afterwards, you know."

"The party wants to organize a stock company, did you say?"

"Yes, put in machinery and go at it in top-top shape. Oh, I tell yer he's a master feller for business."

"What's his name—do I know him?" abruptly demanded Montana.

"Oh, no, he's a stranger in these parts, but he's a great gun in mining matters. He's a big toad in the puddle, you bet."

"What's his name?" again asked Montana.

"Campbell."

"Campbell!" and cool, stone-like Montana almost started.

"Yes, Mortimer Campbell, Esquire, Member of Congress from Illinois."

"Oh, I know the man!" Montana exclaimed quickly, and an angry light shone in his eyes. "Mort Campbell from Egypt, as he is always termed, the biggest scoundrel that ever escaped the hangman's noose. Sell the mine to him? Why, old man, we wouldn't get a dollar. Organize a company! Pah! inside of six months he'd have mine, company and everything, and all fixed lawfully and legally."

"Well, you are acquainted with him!"

"Yes, and yet I never saw him in my life nor he me."

"Whar's the man they call Montana?" cried a hoarse voice just then, and turning the two behind a brawny, red-shirted, big-booted man, with a whole arsenal of weapons belted to his waist, his head surrounded by a silk hat curiously battered up into a conical shape, and the brim pulled down over his eyes.

Straight up to Montana he strode.

"Oh, look at me!" he cried; "I'm Jimmus Bludsoe, the boss bullwhacker of Shian! own cousin to the mate of the Per-a-rie Belle!" and then he half squatted down with his hands on his thighs, and glared at the miner. "I'm the old he-goat of the Big Horn mountain range—ba-a-a! Stranger, slap me in the face of you love me!"

(To be continued—commenced in No. 382.)

### THEN AND NOW.

BY L. C. GREENWOOD.

Those were true to me, love,  
When the days were bright with joy's sun;

And I drew to thee, love,  
That when I might have upon;

The happiness of men:  
Ah, how you loved me then!

So true to me the while,  
And as bright as the day was long.  
While the rose was fortune's smile  
Thou didst cheer me with words and song;

Making brighter the hours  
We counted as ours.

Thouwert loving and kind  
When the shades of life's pathway fell.  
When love with me twined  
And we were entranced by their spell.

Ah, none but I will know  
That thou didst love me so!

But, love, when shadows came,  
And trials of life tried me sore;  
When love should be the same,  
For I needed it all the more.

Why didst thou colder grow  
When I still loved thee so?

Thouwert cold to me, love,  
When the days were bright with joy's sun;

And early from thee, love,  
For affection's offering I yearned;

I mourned the love gone cold,  
Longed for thy love of old!

In those happy days when  
Joy's garland crowned each youthful b.  
Wast easier to love me then;

Than to fortune's wheel bound  
Does thy love go around?

And yet, I will not chide  
Aught what of change there came to thee,

But patiently abide—  
Winning back the love that's due me,

Which in this world doth smother  
To give me to another!

I will not ask it back  
In that which I have done for yours,

Through it is all I lack,  
For, like sunshine upon flowers,

Will fall upon my heart  
In heaven, no more to part!

### Winning Ways:

KITTY ATHERTON'S HEART.

BY MARGARET BLOUNT.

### CHAPTER XII.

THE MOTH AND THE CANDLE.

Heedless of all, I wildly turned,  
My soul forgot—nor, oh, condemn  
That when such eyes before me burned,  
My soul forgot all eyes but them!

That moment did the mingled eyes  
Of heaven and earth my madness view,  
I should have seen, through earth and skies,  
But you alone—but only you! —MOORE.

A DESERTED WIFE!

There is a whole history of sorrow, of danger, of temptation, and of sin in those three words, to an understanding eye. A woman, with all a woman's dangerous gifts of beauty, grace, and talent, her best feelings trampled upon, her love despised, is left to herself in a world that is full of pitfalls for the unwary, full of danger for us all. The privileges, the liberty of a wife are too old and too literary to be a proper companion for her. Miss Marchmont would have felt infinitely obliged to him had she known which way his thoughts were tending; but they were first revealed to her, as well as to every one else, by the apparition of a pretty, golden, curly, blue-eyed girl of seventeen, who was introduced at "Gan Eden" and the "Growlery" by the nabob, with no small pride, as "My niece, Louisa." My niece, Louisa, was a very good as well as a very pretty girl, but Miss Marchmont did not exactly take to her. Her ideas of literature were too vague—her ideas about crochet-work and husband too well defined to suit the authoress. But Kitty fell in love with her at first sight, and the fancy seemed quite mutual. At the end of a week's time they were inseparable, and if you called the name of one the other was pretty sure to come with her when she answered. Their styles of beauty and of dress were so utterly different that there could be no rivalry between them, and they went out continually under the protection of Mr. Conyers, who was as fussy over them as if he had been an old hen with two chicks. Except in the first weeks of her marriage, I question if Kitty had ever been so happy in her life.

Into this small Eden, with its twin Eves, the serpent came at last. Kitty's new friend had one most dangerous fault—she had a brother!

And this brother, a young officer in the Guards, was his uncle's acknowledged heir, and had, of course, sometimes to pay his respects at the "White Pines."

He had been somewhat remiss in this duty till his sister came; for he hated the seclusion of the place, and missed the company of his brother officers and friends, whom he was never allowed to bring with him. But after he had paid one visit to his sister, and seen her new friend, it was wonderful how attentive a brother he was to her. Did Louisa wish to ride, to walk, to go to the opera, or to the play, it was always "Dear George" who escorted her. Mr. Conyers and Mrs. Oliver, of course, joined the party. Then there were quiet family dinners at the "Pines," to which Mrs. Oliver was always invited, and which she never failed to attend. George was invariably present, and what so natural, as that when he gathered flowers for Louisa's hair and a bouquet in his uncle's conservatory, he should gather some for her friend at the same time? They were worn; splendid crimson blossoms, or pink, waxy buds, that set off Kitty's dark, bright beauty well. Then came long strolls upon the lawn, and around the moonlit grounds, or quiet evenings in the library, when the young captain read aloud to the ladies as they sewed—or evenings full of music as a grape is full of wine, while Mr. Conyers slept placidly in his easy-chair, or as placidly surveyed the beautiful group, congratulating himself on the fact that not one among his neighbors or acquaintances had a husband "young people," than he. Good, innocent man! he was so utterly unconscious all the while of the mischief he was helping on, that it was quite ludicrous to see.

Ab, me, how dangerous, and yet how sweet, such intimacies are! It is very wrong, I know, and so does every one else know, but it seems as if the slight consciousness of possible danger gives an added zest to these interviews. It is the seasoning that makes the peculiar charm of the dish!

It matters little what gives the first touch to the "electric chord" wherewith poor Byron declares we are bound. The most trifling thing can do it—a look, a word, a touch of the trembling hand—the perfume of a flower—a simple note of music—all these things may lift the veil, and make what was before but dimly guessed at, plain as the open day. It is dangerous work always, when two souls understand each other like this—and one of them is

as thrifty as the other is extravagant.

It is not with uneducated people only that ought stands for nothing.

It is so very easy to talk of one's duty, and so very hard to fulfill it! And the plainest duty is generally the hardest.

Kitty knew as well as you or I, dear reader,

that she ought to see the young captain no more.

She said little to him during the remainder of that day; and at its close, when she was safe within her own little room at "Gan Eden," she thought soberly of all that had happened and of all that might happen if the intimacy was not checked.

There was danger. There were rocks and breakers ahead. She saw them plainly at last, as she walked up and down the room, with her hands clasped behind her. Her friend was becoming something nearer—something dearer than a friend to her; and she was a wife, though a deserted one. Her lonely heart cried and pined for the sympathy and affection it saw so plainly within its reach, and she checked it sternly. She had been weak and wretched so far, but she would atone for her unconscious error on the spot. And under the influence of

a faithful and constant guide. The poor child's manner was frank, free and confiding; her heart was warm and generous, and always in need of something to love, and her nature was kind and sympathizing to a degree; and all those qualities, so good in themselves, combined together at this period, it would seem, to draw her on to misery and shame.

She had, as I have already said, Miss Marchmont for a near neighbor, as well as an intimate friend. But "Gan Eden" had two sides, and while the left wing overlooked the hospitable roof of the "Growlery," the right reached closely upon the grounds of the "White Pines," a large and handsome villa, occupied by a returned East Indian, whose wealth was so fabulously firm in the neighborhood as to be a great blunder; for the children in the neighborhood were firmly imbued with the belief that he often breakfasted on melted pearls, and had diamonds and rubies served up, as a matter of course, each day with his dessert. His house in town was a perfect palace; his two country-seats were marvels of taste and display, while his villa, or "box," as he modestly called it, needed only the "roc's egg" of Aladdin's marvelous hall, to make it the eighth wonder of the world in Kitty's admiring eyes.

The East Indian was a childless widower, and being somewhat lonely in his splendid villa, during one of his visits there, had amused himself with watching the movements of his neighbors in their pretty garden. Kitty's wild rose face pleased him—some tone in her voice, some turn of her head or figure, reminded him of his long-buried wife, and he determined to make her acquaintance. This was easily done. To know Mr. Conyers was indeed a great blunder; for the tender friendship, compared with the long absence, and the bitter estrangement, were not without their charm. She felt this, and excused it to herself, in her more serious moments, by saying that she liked George Conyers for his sister's sake. He was like a brother to her—nothing more. When a young, beautiful and lonely woman says that of a young, handsome and disengaged man, we know only too well what it may possibly come in time to mean.

I would not be understood for a moment to hint at anything very wrong. These two were guarded by the most favorable circumstances from falling into any great sin. Their intimacy was sanctioned by those nearest and dearest to them—there was no obstacle in the way of their friendship, and even the

little brook, he took her hand and looked into her face. Did any vision of the New Forest and its singing stream—any remembrance of another friend, and another time, rise up before her eyes, at that moment? I fear not. The sudden meeting had so startled and unnerved her that she was scarcely mistress of herself—scarcely able to remember where or what she was.

"Katharine," said the captain, "why did you write me that cruel letter?"

"Was it cruel? I did not mean it so. I only meant to tell you that we must meet no more."

"Why not?" he asked.

"You know as well as I."

"And yet you see that we have met. We must continue to meet all our lives long. Air, earth or ocean cannot hide you from me now, because I love you, and you know it."

She tried to free her hand from his, but he only held it closer still.

"No! You must hear me now; and then, if you like, I will never speak again upon this subject. Why do you object?"

"Why?" she said, looking at him with surprise. "Am I not married? Have I any right to hear such language from any man? Oh, you know how wrong this is! Do let me go, and never come here again till I am far away."

He dropped her hand.

"Go then! But remember this—with you goes all that makes my life endurable; and if I am to lose you entirely, I will do my best to lose that life, too."

"Oh, how can you talk like that? Oh, I wish, with all my heart, that you had never met me!"

"I cannot echo that wish. Whatever you may make me suffer, I can never, for a single moment, regret having known you."

"But what can I do to help you now? You know that I am married—"

"Yes—there is no need to remind me of that fact so often," he said, bitterly. "But, Katharine, if you will only listen to me a little while, I will show you how you can help me—how you can make a good and happy man of me."

"Tell me, then."

"Don't send me away from you. Let every thing go on as usual."

"How can you ask such a thing?"

"If you are thinking of what happened the other day, I assure you I will never repeat the offense. At that moment, and under those circumstances, I could not help speaking. Nor can I find it in my heart, now, to regret that I did so. Since you have known what you are to me, I have felt more at rest. Only understand once for all, Katharine, that my life is yours, and I shall be content."

"But how can I accept such a sacrifice? I can give you nothing in return."

"I ask nothing."

"And for a mere friendly intercourse with me, can it be possible that you are willing to give up all nearer and dearer ties, all hopes of a happy home with some other woman?"

"I am quite willing."

"You must not do it. I cannot allow it. If you will only marry, I will still be your friend."

"Many thanks," was the sarcastic reply. "Perhaps, as you are so bent upon my marrying, you will select my wife!"

"Take the young lady I saw you with the other night."

The words came almost before Kitty knew what she was saying. It was too late to recall them, though she would have given words to do so.

"What young lady? Where did you see me?" he asked eagerly.

"It was only a stupid jest of mine. Let us talk of other things."

"No; you must tell me. Where could you see me without my seeing you? With a young lady, too!"

"There was nothing so very wonderful in the matter," said Kitty, assuming an indifference she was very far from feeling. "I was going to Mr. —'s *sorree* with Miss Marchmont, and as we drove down Piccadilly, we happened to see you handing a young lady out of a carriage at the door of — House. So I recommended her to you, but only in jest."

If he had laughed at that moment, he would have spoiled everything. But he looked as grave as a judge when he met her penetrating glance.

"It was Miss Stainforth," he said, quietly. "She is my cousin, and thinks me good enough to hand her from her carriage; but as for anything more, why she is engaged to Lord R—, it is to be married in three months from this time."

Kitty drew a long breath. Was she relieved at hearing this piece of news? Who shall say?

"Well," she said, more cheerfully; "if Miss Stainforth is disposed of, there are plenty of young ladies still in the market, I think, and you should try your fortune there."

"Are you serious?"

"Quite."

"But I spoke so differently the other day."

"But I have been thinking since. And if we are to continue friends, you certainly ought to marry. It would put the intimacy on a safe and pleasant footing at once. Even if I were differently situated—if Mr. Oliver was here—it would do so. You could then visit us as a friend of the family—his friend as well as mine. But while you are a single man, and I am a deserted wife, you will forgive me if I say, that I think the less we see of each other the better it will be for both of us."

"This is too much!" he burst out, angrily.

"Katharine, you do not understand me. You take me for a mere man of the world, and imagine that I have some sinister design in prosecuting this friendship. God knows, my darling, I would rather die than injure a single hair of your head!"

"I believe that!" she said, softly.

"Yet still you fancy I look forward to some reward for my 'sacrifice,' as you persist in calling it. What sacrifice do I make? I don't want to marry unless I can marry you. If I had seen you before Mr. Oliver, I would have done my best to win you for my wife. He came first, he holds you still. That, of course, I cannot alter. I wish him no harm. I do not speculate or build upon his death. I simply say, that if, at any future time, you should be left alone in the world—more really alone than you are now, I should claim you as my own, if you would let me. In the meantime, no other woman shall fill your place in my home and heart. If it is fated that we are never to be more than friends to each other, so let it be; but I shall still be faithful to you. So that I see you sometimes—hear you speak—get one kind word from those dear lips—one kind look from those gentle eyes, it is enough. I will ask for nothing more. And you can surely grant so much without harming yourself or me. I ask you to do nothing wrong, Katherine—only to show a little mercy to a poor, forlorn wretch, who has nothing but you on earth—nothing to love—nothing to hope for."

His voice died away in a sob, and Kitty's eyes were full of tears.

"Oh! how much you must love me!" she said, simply.

"You are right, my darling. I love you far better than I do myself, and I ask so little to make me happy. You will not refuse it, Katherine."

"No."

He pressed her hand to his heart—to his lips to her tearful eyes, and then resigned it.

(To be continued—commenced in No. 359.)

## TWENTY-EIGHT.

BY T. C. HARBAUGH.

Upon my know another year  
Both fall and spring, and summer, and winter,  
With hours and there a fitful flash  
Which I would fain forget.

This earth doth wear a vail of snow,  
The land is big with fate;

The snow-bird shivers on my sill,  
And I am twenty-eight.

Methinks the forms of absent friends  
Are moving in my room;  
Faith, from the unseen world  
I hear and the gloom.

I feel the touch of gentle hands  
That I have missed of late;

And loving voices seem to say:  
To-night he's twenty-eight!

What have I seen, what have I learned  
In all those years of life?

That hearts against the world must wage  
An everlasting strife!

I do not know. I am growing old,  
I walk erect and straight.

Though Time is at my ear to-night,  
Whispering: "Twenty-eight!"

Stay, Father Time, and let us chat,  
I'm sure you need not fear;

Into my sanctum, up the steps,  
You come but once a year.

Hang up your scythe on yonder hook,  
I am not dead, but weight;

You are the oldest, Father Time;

For I'm but twenty-eight.

It seems to me, old graybeard Time,  
Your years are twice as long

As they were when I was a boy—

A school-boy, rudely strong.

With pen in my hand I write all day,  
Nor mind the hours late;

And taught reminds me but your face  
Till at I am twenty-eight.

Good-by, if you are going, Time,  
You are but a friend to me;

I haven't got a silver hand,

You have not dimmed my eye.

You've brought me loves and many tears,  
Less shadow than sunshine;

When next you lift my hovel's latch  
I will be twenty-nine!

## Nobody's Boy:

OR,  
THE STOLEN CHILD.

BY CHARLES MORRIS.

## CHAPTER XXIV.

THE HOT TRAIL.

BILL GRUBB soon found the pass he had entered to be unfruitful of results. It was the dry bed of a mountain stream, and contracted, after a mile's devious wandering, into an impossible crevice.

He turned and rode back to the main valley. The pass had been difficult of ascent, and some time had been wasted in this exploration.

His friends were not within view. Riding to the head of the direct pass, which Tom Wilson had chosen, he saw them nearly a mile in advance, moving slowly down the valley.

A hand was waved to him from the party, and they rode on more rapidly.

"Tom has struck the trail," said the scout, as he turned his horse down the pass. "He don't want to waste no time, that's sure. I'll have to make good time to overtake them."

There was another person who had been left behind like himself, but who was within half a mile of the party. As he approached he saw that this was William Denton, the cousin of the stolen child.

They had ridden five miles down the pass before he finally overtook his friends. There was no vestige visible to his eyes of the trail they seemed to be following, but the soil of the pass had been too much cut up by their horses for any single track to remain discernible.

"Where's the trail, Tom?" he asked, as he rode to the head of the party. "Is it plain?"

"No," growled Tom. "I'll be shot if it ain't pegged out. And it was clean cut a trail as I ever followed."

"That's blasted queer. A hoss' hoof would make its photographs on this side. Must have took to the hard ground on the hillside. How far did you make it out?"

"Mile and a half, or two miles, I reckon."

"Durned odd. Shouldn't wonder if he'd doubled. Where's Picayune Pete?"

"S'pose he's coming down the pass after you. Didn't show himself afore we started."

"The dogs he didn't!" cried Bill, casting an anxious glance backward. "Hope the lad ain't come to no harm. There's a clear view two miles up, and no signs of him."

"Oh, he's all right. S'pose he's along after us."

"Shouldn't wonder if he'd found the trail, for I'll be fiddled if there's any here," said Bill.

"There's a neck just ahead of us. If he's gone down you'll find his mark there."

They rode on to where the pass contracted, two steep hills constricting it to within less than a hundred feet of width.

A thin alkaline soil, destitute of herbage, covered this space. The two scouts sprung from their horses, bidding the others to keep back—and traced the whole width of the neck, not suffering a foot of the soil to escape their keen scrutiny.

"We're on the wrong scent, lads," cried Bill, at length. "No hoss has passed here inside a week, and maybe not inside a year. We've got to turn back on our tracks. I'll bet a pony Picayune Pete has found something."

"The dogs he didn't!" cried Bill, casting an anxious glance backward. "Hope the lad ain't come to no harm. There's a clear view two miles up, and no signs of him."

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They rode on to where the pass contracted, two steep hills constricting it to within less than a hundred feet of width.

They were nearly an hour in reaching the point at which the side passes branched off.

"Shoot me if I ain't getting worried about the boy," said Bill, as they reached this point without any trace of Pete being seen. "Anybody here know which pass he took?"

"I saw him strike into that narrow opening to the right," said one of the men, pointing to the rocky jaws of the contracted pass which Pete had taken.

"Yes, and you can shoot me for a blind monkey if Joe Prime ain't doubled on us!"

cried Tom. "Here's his track, close to the rock, p'nting up the valley. He's been hunting stony bottom, and stepped in that patch of sand."

"Follow me, lads," cried Bill, turning his horse into the pass. "Pete's got the best eyes in the party. If he ain't found the trail and followed it, then I don't know the boy."

Up the rocky cleft in the hills they rode in single file, Bill Grubbs leading. The eyes of

the scout were fixed keenly upon the ground as Pete's had been before him.

"Cussed stony," he muttered. "Ain't enough dirt h're to fill a bung-hole."

Through the rapid curves of the narrow gully they wound, moving slowly and with keen observation.

"Shouldn't wonder if it was a cut right through the range," said Bill. "Ever been down this way, Tom?"

"No. But I've been through twenty first cousins to it. It cuts through to the next valley."

The scout suddenly drew up his horse, forcing those behind him to stop with starting hastes.

The next instant he sprung to the ground, leaving the animal standing in the center of the pass.

"If anything's happened to Pete," he muttered, "I'm his pard, and I'll hurt the feller that hurt him."

"What's up?" cried Tom Wilson, leaving his horse and walking briskly forward.

"Bloody work of some kind. I dunno just what yet. But I'll go a good hoss that Pete's been hurt. There's some of his hair on that stone, just where the blood's thick."

"And, see here!" cried Tom, pointing to a small patch of sand, "it's the trail ag'in, or I'm a baby."

"Sure as thunder!" yelled Bill. "That's my hoss' private mark. Brickettop has ambushed here, and has shot Pete. If I don't prove sudden ruin to him fur it, then go back on me."

"Where is Pete, then?" said Tom. "Blamed if ther ain't some mystery in it."

"And where's Nicodemus? And where's the hoss?" asked Bill.

"It's maybe not so bad, after all. Pete's ahead of us anyhow. He ain't behind us. I'm going to pelt on it if takes to Frisco."



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## Sunshine Papers.

## Calls.

They are the most trying duties in the world; and so unsatisfactory. One goes to see people one cares actually nothing about, and talks commonplace, and utters polite lies, and wishes one's self home, with the peculiarly satisfying consciousness that the hostess is probably indulging fervently in the same desire.

"Then why make them? Why keep up a round of mere formal visits?" Oh, my dear, you see one can't avoid it! It is a demand of Society with which we are obliged to comply; a part of a prescribed social routine. At set intervals of time we must afflict our acquaintances with our presence, or its representative in the shape of a square of pasteboard. (And a great relief it is to be greeted with "Not at home," and enabled to pay one's visit by leaving a card!) Do we propose to make an extended journey? Mrs. A., B., and C. must receive a farewell visit; though well we know that Mrs. A., B. and C. care not at all that we are about to direct our feet toward foreign soil, or whether we ever return thence. Has some happy event befallen Mrs. D., or E., or F.? We hasten to tender that lady our felicitations, no matter how slight may be our acquaintance with her, or how preposterous the idea that she cares in the least for our studied congratulations. Or has sorrow come to some member of our alphabetical visiting-list? We make a handsome toilet, and hasten, with our features and sentences arranged according to rule, to offer our condolences; and the whole affair is varnished so very thinly with sincerity that we rejoice when the little duty is performed, and we can trot off to the next place where a call is due and vary the monotony of the usual high order of conversation indulged in upon such occasions by minute descriptions of the stricken individual's costume and manners, and criticisms upon her taste, evident depth of grief, etc., etc., etc.

"I am very hard upon myself!" Yes, my love, because I am not describing myself individually, but as a member of a class; not that I claim to be, though, personally, any better than others. How can one be sincere in regard to these merely conventional matters, of which the greatest farce of all is this formal, monotonous visiting of just such people as one meets in one's particular set, without any reference to personal admiration or interest? But then there is a little redeeming grace in the fact that no one deceives or is deceived by our polite fictions of ways and light.

This is because we grow too morbid and morose. We are apt to wish to raise the coffin and gaze on the form of our dead instead of allowing it to rest in peace. We cannot lay the ghosts of haunting memories because we will not try. We should feel sorry for what we have to be sorry for, we should mourn our dead, but we should not brood over our losses and ill-doings. We all say and do things which are far from right; we grow petulant and cross with others; we become too sensitive because we fancy ourselves neglected and that others have usurped our places.

We should not think too much of the harsh words we have said to others; rather let us remember with what loving kindness they forgave it all. Then we will be haunted with pleasant memories, and the spirits that gather around us will seem like angels of mercy and light.

I don't wonder people were wont to fear death in olden times when they had to gaze on such horrible effigies of death-heads and crossbones as decorated—desecrated rather—the tombstones in the grave-yards. I should think these frightful figures would haunt their memories! The white marble crosses, surrounded with the flowers formed by the loving Father's hand, are far more agreeable to me. They do not teach me that death is so bitter. They tell of peace and rest. They are certainly more inspiring, and do not depress one's feelings so much.

The old saying is, that "evil spirits walk only in the dark." Then let the evil spirits of moroseness and gloominess find no lodgment in your homes, but rather let them be full of light and cheerfulness.

Don't keep one room closed up which no one can enjoy. If you have a "best room," let it be your best, where you can feel best at home

in twilit parlors and spend five-minutes' in greeting, conversing with, and bidding our hostesses adieu; we shall, probably, talk with some score or so of persons and will hear no subject of conversation mentioned aside from the weather, the last caller, the last play, a few tid-bits of scandal, and interchange of personal inquiries and salutations. For instance, we shall go to see the E. girls; I owe them a call. We send up our cards, and, unless a visitor is already present, spend considerable time in examining the appointments of their drawing-room. By-and-by the Misses E. appear, gorgeously gotten up—for they are rather apt to overdo the matter of dress, and pile on enough false hair and heavy jewelry to set up establishments in these lines; they are good-natured, neutral sort of girls. They will say they are delighted to see me, and so pleased to make your acquaintance, and utter some frightfully vapid remarks concerning the weather, and ask you if you've seen Montague or Rignold, and whether you like town. Between each of these profound utterances they will indulge in a gentle giggle, and in a few minutes we shall be desperately glad to make our escape. Then we shall go to a new place and say and hear just about the same.

"Why not stay longer and converse of something profitable or entertaining?" My love, it would be a dangerous experiment. What does one know of the moral or mental status of the people one meets only in this formal, momentary way? We are assured of their position in society; we know whether they dress well, and if they have unexceptionable manners; we may be informed as to what church they attend, and meet them at an art exhibition, a lecture, or an opera, because it is "the thing" to be seen at such places. But, my dear, our formal acquaintanceship, and our time, will never allow of our indulging in art critiques, musical discussions, and literary confidences, with our "dear five hundred."

"Then you should defy conventional requirements, and reduce your list of friends to those few whose companionship you really have time to cultivate, and find pleasing, improving and elevating." My dear, you are an enthusiast! though I'm not sure that life would not be better worth the living if one only had the moral boldness to conform to your suggestions.

Amen!

A PARSON'S DAUGHTER.

In her new serial, THE GIRL RIVALS, is her next offering to the readers of the SATURDAY JOURNAL. It is characterized by great beauty of narrative, and by a power of plot, incident and action that renders its interest intense and absorbing. Lovers of Heart and Home romance will give it a glad welcome.

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Then you should defy conventional requirements, and reduce your list of friends to those few whose companionship you really have time to cultivate, and find pleasing, improving and elevating." My dear, you are an enthusiast! though I'm not sure that life would not be better worth the living if one only had the moral boldness to conform to your suggestions.

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her ear, as her wondering eyes rested incredulously on the unexpected sight, and she tried to rise to a sitting position, but her weakness wrung from her a groan, and she sunk back very faint, and some minutes passed. She heard again the sharp silvery jingle, the clink of earth against iron, and the trill of falling metal; then a firm, swift footfall. She rose with a spurt of strength. Was it Jonas? or poor erring Ned?

The stranger who had come that evil day to their cottage door, to reproach her husband for some unknown bygone sin, was walking rapidly away to his great black horse, which was standing unfastened by the garden gate.

"Stop! Fray sir, stay!" cried Mrs. Kercheval, her heart throbbing wildly. But her voice was too feeble; the stranger sprung to his saddle and rode away over the yielding turf, with neither sign nor sound. She gathered all her strength and crawled out to the garden—she had not sat up unassisted for three days past; and when she had stirred up the soil in the corner where she had seen him, she found it sown with golden dollars.

Wandering homeward, gipsy fashion, tramping it by day, camping out by night, and living off the fat of the land whenever there was a farm-house to buy food from, out of Ned's ill-gotten treasure, of which he had still some twenty dollars, the brother and sister came to the Death Gulch on that same evening that Anne was pursuing Arch in the boat; that Jonas Kercheval was arriving home from his mission to Scarravell; that Baron Berthold sowed the garden-plot with golden coins, to relieve the extremity of the innocent sufferers by Jonas' sin; and that Margaret Kercheval crawled out from her couch and found them.

It was already dark as they approached by the old road, unused now by reason of the superior convenience of the new road, but open from end to end yet. They hung back about a mile away, waiting till all might be asleep in the cottage, when they intended to slip in through the door which was never locked, secure what they could, and retire without a farewell to any one.

#### CHAPTER XXV.

##### THAT MYSTERIOUS MAN.

JONAS KERCHEVAL had left Scarravell on the morning of the second day of Griffith's mysterious malady; his last interview with Cordelia having been interrupted by the furious approach of the youth—soon followed by that of Gaylure.

Jonas had, if my readers will please to recollect it, resolved to return to his wife and family, and patiently await the turning of fortune's wheel which was to bring uppermost his heritage of the Warren-Guiderland lands and fortune; this noble prize once legally secured to his wife he intended to drop out of her life as discreetly as he might, without uselessly wringing her heart by a confession of the infamous character of their long connection.

Ten minutes after Thetford's entrance into the drawing-room of the Alhambra, he was seated in the waiting-room at the railway station, his ticket to Silver-Lead in his hand, his hat drawn over his brows, and the lower part of his face muffled up in his scarf, waiting the next train West.

We return to Thetford, whose movements now combine with Kercheval's.

As Kercheval stepped out at the open case, not recognized by the lawyer, whose eyes were fixed upon Thetford himself, in devouring anxiety lest he should be exposing his nameless fits to Cordelia, to her horror and fatal repulsion, Gaylure clasped the youth most kindly, exclaiming, with his sweetest and most calculating smile:

"My dear fellow, how relieved I am to find you able to be out at all after that little turn—all nerves, I suppose—last night! Why, how well you look and how radiant! What have you two been saying to each other? Ah! boys and girls—boys and girls!" And his benevolently beamed upon the pallid, dejected Thetford and the agitated, shrinking Cordelia, as if he saw plainly the shy ecstasy of two hearts that had found each other. Murmuring an inaudible apology the young lady hastily withdrew, Gaylure not choosing to remonstrate in his apprehension of another outbreak, and indeed he was only too thankful to hasten her departure by a playfully-significant smile, every moment revealing more clearly to him the traces of the frightful scene which Crystal had described to him, in the young man's haggard appearance, hands covered with court-plaster, wild rolling eyes and general tremulous susceptibility—plainly the reaction from more than common physical sufferings.

Left together, he affected to perceive Griffith's condition for the first time, and seizing him by the arm attempted to lead him to his own apartment, saying, most affectionately:

"My poor boy, how blind I am! Now she

has gone I see how shattered you are. Come to my sanctum and tell me all about this singular affair."

Thetford went with him a few steps, but by his fixed eye and mechanical motion it was evident that he was deep in the formation of some purpose which absorbed his whole attention.

In the wide corridor he stopped abruptly, raising his head and straightening himself with a proud, spirited air, more like his usual manner than Gaylure had expected to see.

Instead of obeying the gentle pressure of the lawyer's hand upon his arm, he released himself, and snatched up his hat and cane from the rack, saying:

"I want to ask you one question, Mr. Gaylure.

Answer me or not as you please. I am aware that you lawyers hate to be pinned down to plain statements, but as I have little time to spend in circumlocution I must run the risk of offending you by putting my meaning direct."

Nothing could have marked more distinctly the effects produced upon him by late events than these brusque words uttered in that almost bitterly positive tone; Thetford's natural manner was amiably conciliating in the extreme. Mr. Gaylure said, soothsaying:

"Well, my dear fellow, what do you wish to ask? I shall certainly answer you to the best of my ability."

"That man she—pardon, I mean Miss Cora—was with last evening; who and what is he? Why does she walk alone with him? Why does she make appointments to see him *tete-a-tete*, receive his letter, meet him away from all of us, clasp his hands, hang on his arm—treat him like a—*lover*?" The last word he uttered as if it choked him, and his excitement, which had been rising with every additional clause of his sentence, culminated in a stifled curse, his eyes blazing out like stirred-up fires.

Instead of instantly setting him right, as he might have done with a word, Gaylure stood palming and gnawing his mustache, his gaze fastened on vacancy in a momentary oblivion of all around him, as a certain thought flashed

through his brain. This reverie lasted but a moment, yet in that moment he had worked out a whole life's problem—had argued a case more intricate, more terribly interesting than any he had ever argued in a court-room, and had drawn this conclusion, appeared his conscience, and now uttered his flat.

"You want a direct answer, you say. Well, it shall be what you want, at least in that particular. That man, whose name is Jonas Kercheval, and whose home is in Wisconsin, at a place called the Death Gulch, is (unfortunately for my wishes in regard to my poor Cora's happy future) her *lover*."

It was said; deliberately, and with malice prepense; and once said, whatever the consequences were, Marcus Gaylure was not the man to risk his reputation by gainsaying it. All he could do now was to watch with interest its effect on the youth whose wretched lot it was to be possessed three days of every month with a man for murder.

Griffith received the intelligence without any other outward sign of agitation than a sort of suppressed start, shudder and frightened pallor, which extended even to his poor maimed hands, the bleeding nails of which he buried in his palms in furiously clutching his hands. Next moment he turned with lowered eye and forced calmness to the lawyer.

"Thank you," said he, in a muffled tone; "your candor is—it is the best thing, after all. Now I'm going out and then to my room to lie down. I have not been well, and wish to sleep. If Kool comes looking for me, and asks you anything, tell him not to tap at my door, for I won't require him until I ring. And—that is all." With these words spoken carefully, as one would say over a formula, the young man bowed to his patron and shot from the door.

Gaylure stepped to the threshold and looked after him as he strode away among the darkling trees, and the expression of his face was so very peculiar that a gentleman who was approaching from the opposite direction, on a tall powerful black blood-horse, cursed his steed's dashing pace to a gentle walk, and scrutinized him closely. Gaylure suddenly became aware of his gaze, and starting passed his hand over his face as if to obliterate the tell-tale expression, then recognizing the gentleman as the physician who had gone to Thetford's assistance, accosted him with bland civility.

"Allow me to thank you for your kindness to my charge," said he, in his heartiest, bluntest tone; "the boy is, as one might say, next door to a son in my esteem, and what affects him affects me. May I hope to count you as one of my acquaintances?" And pulling his card-case from his pocket he offered his card to the physician, who had alighted and was standing near the steps with his bride over his arm.

"Thanks are superfluous," said he, quietly, bowing ceremoniously to his new acquaintance and handing him his own card. "I was happy enough to discover the young man in one of the caves in time to offer him relief, and at his servant's request I conveyed him to my own residence for the night, as he shrank from obstructing his malady upon yourself and your family. Good-morning." He made scrupulous obeisance, sprung upon his horse again and rode after Griffith. Gaylure, who had thrilled at the sound of his voice with a sudden nameless emotion, watched him out of sight, perplexedly questioning himself as to the cause of his sensations, then glanced at his card, which bore the name:

FRANZ ERCKMANN HERZ, M. D.,  
COLLEGE OF SURGEONS, EMS.

"Never saw him in my life before. Some passing resemblance," muttered he, retiring.

When Kercheval entered the train, Griffith stepped into the next coach; as for Dr. Herz, after a brief conference with some of the railway officials, he shut himself up in a compartment of the palace car, his horse traveling in the express.

Two days afterward he was dropped, with his horse, at a little wayside station four miles from Silver-Lead, and halting carefully asked his way, galloped without delay to the cottage of Jonas Kercheval, to perform the mission which Mrs. Kercheval caught a glimpse of, riding away instantly after he had accomplished it, with the intention of preventing the tragedy he suspected was about to befall the unhappy Kercheval at the hands of Thetford. For this purpose he took the road to Silver-Lead, muffled in his cloak beyond the power of Kercheval to recognize him, expecting to meet him any moment walking home, with Thetford on his traces. He had guessed Kercheval's course correctly. He met him three miles from Silver-Lead, walking sturdy home, his gaunt frame induced with preternatural strength by the consciousness of a great hope for the future, and with eager anticipations of such a reunion with his beloved ones as should lift from their hearts the trouble which so long had bowed them down.

Herman Berthold, the keen scholar, advanced philosopher, and, by painful and intelligent research, the honest Materialist, had not devoted these precious months of his life to thus mixing himself up in the various fortunes of these people without expecting to elucidate a great truth and to show it indubitably forth to this generation.

Almost as distrustful of the power of man to comprehend or to return a just answer to the grand question, "What is Truth?" as the philosophers of old, who were wont to say to their followers, "We assert nothing—no, not even that we assert nothing," Berthold still clung with stern inflexibility to the cold and stoical theory—that there is no Supreme Being, but a Supreme Power, an Immutable Law; no Providence interposition in the Creation or Progression of the world, but that all is to be explained on the scientific basis of Development.

"Creation," he would say, "there is no such thing; the production of all that has been produced does not take place in the abrupt, disconnected way this word would imply. Every act or condition is the result of a preceding act or condition, and of that which is to follow. Creation began, and Nature continues, by Evolution."

By the same logical reasoning he questioned the existence of a special Providence engaged in guiding, prospering, or punishing mortals—a God at the helm of human affairs. He dreamed that he could dissociate the affairs of men from any supernal influence, explaining all that took place on earth by the law of natural sequence.

"Conduct yourself in your relations with mankind in a certain manner, and such such effects will follow inevitably," he would say; "conduct yourself in the opposite manner, and the opposite effects will be produced as inevitably. Neither God nor devil is responsible in the remotest degree."

And he constituted himself a sort of Minor Providence over the destinies of these few people who had crossed his path—the Warren-Guiderland heirs, whose heritage he held sus-

pended in his hands, while he investigated their several claims on good fortune.

Smiling at the fatuity of those who, not perceiving him, attributed all that befell these beings to God, he endeavored to mould their destinies with his own hands, awarding to the good their just reward, and to the evil theirs, when the time of probation was over. And as yet all had gone according to his well-laid plans; he had learned the secrets which ruled these lives; he thought he also knew the motives which actuated each and all—the impulses which stirred their hearts; and he smiled coldly as he neared the weak yet estimable man who had wrecked his life for love and who chose to wreck his immortal future—according to his belief—for that same love's sake. He thought he had only to put his unsuspected hand upon Jonas Kercheval, and that he would stand or proceed as he willed.

He was now to perceive the tangled web caught from his grasp by a Hand that was mightier, and to stand by stunned, amazed, with Omnipotence worked a miracle.

He reined up across Kercheval's path, and dismounting, stepped close to him, his appearance arranged so that the man at once recognized him as the mysterious stranger who had warned him ten days ago that his secret was known.

Kercheval gazed as if he faced death itself, so unutterably horrified that he had neither sense nor movement for the moment.

After an interval of silence, during which the stranger looked him sternly in the eye, Kercheval groaned out:

"My God! is this man or devil that comes to torture me thus?"

"Bah! you speak folly, my friend," said Berthold, scornfully. "Your guilty fears make you a child. Had you not committed that bygone offense?" repeated Kercheval.

"Ay, indeed! had it not been for that, no man on earth could have had the power to stop me on my way to relieve the sufferings of an angel—two angels, my sweet wife and daughter!"

He paused and hung his head, Berthold's ironical glance recalling to him the galling inaccuracy of his last words.

"But what do you want of me?" resumed he, impatiently.

"I wish to discuss this matter fully with you," answered Berthold. "Morality aside, there are consequences involved here which, as a man of sagacity, you are bound to consider."

"Sir, I am willing to risk consequences," said Kercheval, doggedly, turning away.

"You know that the man Gaylure has referred out your secret?"

"I know—and care not; let him do his worst."

"And that you may be arrested, imprisoned—disgraced, dishonored?"

"All that I know and am prepared to endure."

"To what purpose, sir?"

"You who know so much probably know also that there is a promise of good fortune in the future for me, which, if I choose to keep my secret a little time longer, I may be able to pass over to those innocent ones whose misery only would be accomplished by my confession at present."

"You are right, I do know this matter. But, do you fully understand that Gaylure's scheme is to secure the fortune to the lady whose gratitude he has purchased by his apparently disinterested protection, and that, if you persist in standing in his way he will sacrifice you as he has the power of doing, through your secret?"

"All that I fully understand; he may drop upon me any hour—shutting me up in a jail and crushing my woman under the discovery of my crime, but I intend to risk that, rather than give up my right fortune with which I hope to make their last days at least comfortable."

As Jonas spoke these words with inflexible resolution, the philosopher listening with curious interest to this story of despairing and heroic affection, the clank of horses' hoofs on the turfy road caught his fine ear. Thetford was coming on the gallop on his deadly mission.

"Sir, some one comes, permit me to draw you aside for the moment," exclaimed he, and abruptly grasping Kercheval's wrist with a hand soft, cool and nervous. Kercheval found himself impelled by no volition of his own into the edge of the forest which environed the road, and whose blackness swallowed him, his companion, and the horse up in a moment. As they paused in what appeared to Kercheval to be a cold vaulted place absolutely black with darkness, but in which the scientist moved about as freely as if it was well lit, he heard distinctly a horse gallop past. At the same moment the clasp of Berthold's hand upon his wrist seemed to shoot forth a strange influence, which traversing the veins, communicating with his heart, struck that organ with a shock resembling that produced by an electric battery, and at the moment of electric contact this thought flashed with a visible light across his brain: "A murderer passed by."

It was as if his supernal vision had been magnified as the corporeal vision was magnified by the microscope, and he had seen the aerial courier which so often announces to us (to our blind wonder) the approach of some altogether unexpected and unthought of person; only in his case he thought of no one whom he knew, but of a formidable and sinister character, whom he recognized under the frown of his momentarily highly sensitive mental vision, as one already stained with blood, and thirsting for his own.

Overcome by the wonder and horror of this unique glimpse into the spirit-world, Kercheval sank swooning at the feet of the mysterious man whose touch had opened the mystic gates.

(To be continued—commenced in No. 255.)

A GREAT MOTHER.—The mother of John Quincy Adams said in a letter to him when he was only twelve:

"I would rather see you laid in your grave than grow up a profane and graceless boy."

Not long before his death a gentleman said to him:

"I have found out who made you."

"What do you mean?" asked Mr. Adams.

The gentleman replied:

"I have been reading the published letters of your mother."

"If," this gentleman relates, "I had spoken that dear name to some little boy who had been for weeks away from his mother his eyes could not have flashed more brightly nor his face glowed more quickly than did the eyes of that venerable old man when I pronounced the name of his mother. He stood up in his peculiar manner and said:

"Yes, sir; all that is good in me I owe to my mother."

#### St. Valentine's Day.

ST. VALENTINE suffered martyrdom at Rome in the reign of the Emperor Claudius II, by decapitation. He was early canonized by the church, and his memory appears to have deserved the honor, for he was remembered and beloved for his love and charity, those important essentials of Christian practice.

The Pagan Romans celebrated on the 15th of Feb., annually, the feast of Pan. A part of the religious ceremony was to sacrifice two goats and a dog, and to touch with the bloody knife the foreheads of two patrician youths.

These young men were then armed with whips, made of the skin of the goats and dog aforesaid, stripped nearly naked, and directed to run about the streets and strike all persons whom they met. Women were anxious to throw themselves in the way, to get a blow from these representatives of Pan, as it was considered a propitious omen. Afterward the custom degenerated into various less ceremonial observances, among which was the practice of putting names into a cap, and directing youths to draw lots for their future mates. The early Christians, when they could not change customs, adopted and consecrated them. St. Valentine suffered martyrdom in or about the middle of February, and hence came the observance of the 14th of February as St. Valentine's Day.

The 14th of February is now renowned as the day on which birds mate, and youths and maidens feel most potently the magic of the divine passion. Children born on that day are supposed to be especial favorites of the winged god; they are supposed to be most tenderly cared for by his beautiful mother, also. Those who receive a token from a beloved one may place it beneath the pillow at night, and a divination is gathered from the dream which follows. Girls may name their two hands after the two admirers best affected, and then plunge them into clear water, and the hand which dries first will indicate the future husband. Young men may put a sprig of evergreen in the button-hole, and should any maiden ask her to be his wife, she is likely to be his wife. Attachments commenced on St. Valentine's holidays, which continue from the 14th to the close of the month, are said to be peculiarly happy and fortunate.

In the last century it was customary on the eve of St. Valentine for English and Scotch to celebrate a festival. An equal number of maidens and bachelors got together, each wrote their true or feigned name upon separate pieces of paper, which were folded up, deposited, and drawn by way of lots, the maidens taking the

this fact, three persons who have figured in our story heretofore, took advantage of it.

These three persons were, Rube Johnson, Gus Stewart, and Ches Pagan, lately the followers of the notorious Ivan Le Clerc.

It will be remembered that we left these boys

in the council with the Boy Chief on the margin of the Black Woods, which terminated in the death of Abe Thorne. Since that time they had been wanderers, as it were, upon the face of the earth, pursued by the demon of vengeance, and haunted by the soul-destroying canker, remorse. Still believing that they were criminal accessories to Seth March's death, the assassination of their own companion, who had the moral courage to renounce their conduct, had added another pang to those already gnawing at the very vitals of their being. Their minds had become so terrified and excited that they started like guilty, conscience-stricken things at every sound. The stealthy steps of the administrators of justice could be heard, in imagination, at any moment. Every bush and copse seemed pervaded with a silence as if doing duty as a cover to an enemy lying in wait for them. Wherever they turned, that terrible Nemesis kept before them. No place seemed safe from the intrusion of the wild, haggard demon of vengeance. Their inclination to flee—to keep going on and on, like that of the Wandering Jew, grew upon them. But at length, grown tired and foot sore from long wandering, they crept into the heart of the Deer-Drive, and there hid themselves.

It is true, their leader in sin, Ivan Le Clerc, had offered them immunity in the Indian encampment, but his cold-blooded and cowardly assassination of Abe Thorne filled them with abject fear of him; and they fled from him and his followers as from all others. Everybody and everything they now regarded as enemies, and miserable, dejected, and haggard-looking beings that they were, hiding and skulking from the vengeance of man, only to encounter that of God, they hovered close together in their concealment and spoke in subdued and hollow tones.

They had made a good selection of the many hiding places offered them in the vicinity. They had encamped in the narrow neck of the Deer-Drive, where the walls were fully a hundred feet high and not over twenty feet apart. Over this rift nature had thrown a covering as wonderful and intricate as the gossamer web of the spider. From the facade of each perpendicular bluff, a multitude of parasitical vines had grown out, and from the very bottom had the rift grown full of these slender creepers. Years had lent their growth to those vines which had become interlaced and matted into a perfect net-work, into which no human eye could penetrate ten feet.

The young fugitives made their way through these vines to the very end of the chamber, or rift. There they found themselves in darkness; but a pine torch was readily procured, when, with their knives, they set to work clearing a large space—crowding the severed branches and twigs back into the spongy mass. They cut the vines as high as they could reach, and when their task was completed they felt somewhat elated over the result. In the dim glow of the torch the surrounding walls all seemed of a solid mass, so evenly had the vines been cut. The ground beneath their feet was hard, gravelly and dry, though a little stream found a source in a cool, limpid spring within five feet of their retreat.

Laying in a supply of venison and some pine faggots for fire, the trio felt that they would be safe for a few days, at least, in the Deer-Drive. They passed their time in lamenting the course they had pursued, and in pondering over the fate of their friends at the Agency.

It was night, and a dim, feeble light from a sputtering torch pervaded their novel retreat. The day had worn wearily by, and they found themselves there after two days' confinement, suffering the pangs of inactivity as well as of fear and terror.

"Boys," said Rube Johnson, "this layin' round in these holes is gittin' to be intolerable to me. I've either got to git out of here, else you'll have a dead rogue on hands to bury."

"We'd all be better off dead," said Ches Pagan, sadly.

"Yes; poor Abe Thorne is out of all this trouble," added Gus Stewart, in a tone that seemed full of regret and anguish.

"Probably if we'd all not been cowards, and done as Abe resolved to do, we'd be happy tonight with our folks," said Rube; "but like the fools that we were, we didn't dare to oppose Ivan, and so here we are, sufferin' worse than if we'd gone boldly up and acknowledged our sin and received our punishment. But we hung back, and let Abe's death add another sin to our list of wrongs."

"But we didn't kill him," said Pagan.

"I know it, Ches; but it grew out of that Sure Shot Seth affair in which we were all concerned. There is no gittin' out of Seth's death; we all helped to tie him up, and if Ivan was leader, he wouldn't suffer for it any worse than us."

"I can't see where Abe's death is chargeable to me," said young Stewart.

"It isn't directly, of course; but it will give weight to Seth's death, and there'd be no help for us if Maggie and Emma seen us tie Seth to the tree, and his death becomes known."

"It's a durned wonder we didn't accept Ivan's proposition to go and capture the girls and carry them off to the Indians."

"It was easy enough for me to refuse them," said Gus Stewart; "I have done all the dirty work I want to with Ivan Le Clerc. He has nothing to lose in deserting the whites, for he has no friends there; but with us it is different. Mother often told me that Ivan would git me into trouble if I didn't quit runnin' with him. Now I wish I'd minded her."

"That's just what my mother told me," said Ches.

"And mine, too," added Rube.

"Would to Heaven we had obeyed our friends," continued Gus, the penitent tears gathering in his eyes.

"Yes; it would have been so much better," sighed Rube.

A silence now came over the unhappy trio. There was not a dry eye in the party. The thoughts of home and the word "mother" had overcome all other feelings, and they gave way to the emotions of their better nature, and together wept bitterly.

A deep, unnatural silence surrounded them. Not a sound was heard save the melancholy chirruping of a cricket, and the soft bubbling of the little spring near could be heard; and even these had become so monotonous to the fugitives that they seemed incorporated into the solemn stillness of the place.

Suddenly Rube Johnson sprang to his feet, a look of wild terror upon his face.

His companions followed his example.

The three exchanged startled glances—they seemed speechless. But their looks spoke plain enough.

A strange sound had burst suddenly upon their ears. It was the sound as of a heavy body crashing down through the tangled vines overhead.

"Boys!" cried Rube, "we have been discovered."

"And our enemies are trying to crush us by rollin' something down upon us. Oh, my God! when will this end?" cried young Stewart.

"I never," added Ches Pagan.

The sound of the falling body had ceased, as if arrested by the great web of vines; but it was soon resumed again. Down, down, crashing and tearing it came, nearer and nearer. It seemed to be bringing the whole mass of parasites with it. The boys saw the top of their retreat quiver and sway. The falling mass was near them; but so terrified were they that they stood as if rooted to the spot, gazing with distended eyes upward. And at length a pair of human feet, incased in moccasins, appeared through the roof above them. They were followed by a pair of legs clad in buckskin leggings. Slowly downward, as if twisting and struggling through the brashy mass, the body continued to descend until the feet touched the ground. Then the parasites, which clung to the head and shoulders of the intruder like leeches, let go and sprung back to their former position, trembling and rustling.

With speechless horror the fugitives gazed upon the stranger who stood with back toward them. His hands were tied at his back and his clothing torn and tattered. For a moment he stood as if bewildered by the dazzling torchlight, then he turned and faced the trio of terrified boys.

#### CHAPTER XXXIV.

##### RENEGADES TO THE RESCUE!

"My Lord!" burst from Gus Stewart's lips. "A ghost!" added Ches Pagan, shivering.

"The ghost of Sure Shot Seth," gasped Rube Johnson.

The trio shrank back amazed and horrified.

A smile mounted the face of the ghost; its lips moved, and these words were plainly articulated:

"Boys, how's this?"

"It's him in the flesh and spirit," said Rube.

"It is for a fact, boys; but I thought I'd tumbled over into the fathomless pit," continued Sure Shot Seth, his mind relieved of a terrible load.

Rube, Gus and Ches drew a long breath of relief, straightened up and assumed a look more human and free of terror. They felt like new beings.

"We thought you were dead," said Rube.

"I know you did, boys; but I'm not. If you'll just free my hands back here I'll tell you how I happened here," replied Seth, doubtful of their attitude toward him.

Rube took his knife and set the Boy Rifleman at liberty.

Seth's face and hands were terribly scratched and lacerated by the vines; but he paid no attention to these wounds, and having gazed around him in a sort of doubt, he asked:

"Where the plague are we, anyhow?"

"In the head of Deer-Drive," answered Rube.

"Ah, indeed! I remember the place now," Seth responded, with a light of recognition beaming in his eyes; "it's a snug hiding-place; but I had a thundering time getting down here to it."

"Were you thrown over the precipice?" asked Rube.

"Why do you ask that question?" asked Seth.

"Your hands were bound."

"Yes; but the red-skins bound them, and in order to get away from them I jumped over the embankment; but I didn't know where I was going to till I was on my way. Fortunately, the vines broke the force of the fall, and let me down easy by jerks."

"Then there are red-skins about?"

"I left a party of six up at the top of this rift. But you have nothing to fear of them, have you?"

"And why not?" questioned Rube.

"Your friend, Ivan Le Clerc, is their leader."

"We know it; but we have renounced him as a bad character; and believing you had been murdered, after tying you to that tree the other day, we have been hiding away through fear of punishment."

"But that skeleton?"

"I tied a dead Indian up to the tree and the wolves helped me out with the skeleton," explained Seth, a smile mounting his face.

An exclamation of surprise and joy burst from the lips of the trio. Rube Johnson advanced toward Seth with outstretched hand and said:

"Seth, can you forgive?—will you forgive me?"

"With all my heart, Ruben, I forgive you," said Seth, taking the proffered hand; "for I feel certain that you have suffered in conscience for your conduct, and will profit by it."

"God only knows what we have suffered, Seth. Hell couldn't invent more excruciating tortures than we have undergone," Rube affirmed, stoutly.

Gus and Ches both advanced and asked the forgiveness of the young borderman; and when it had been granted, the souls of these three boys seemed metamorphosed into different beings. Instead of that furtive, haggard look, the joyful radiance of a cleansed soul beamed upon every lineament of the face; and the hollow, depressed sound of their voices changed into the clear, happy and metallic ring of youth. Sure Shot Seth had been a benefactor to them—a being of divine mercy.

"I hope, Seth," Johnson at length remarked, "that you'll press us into your service, so we can make 'up' for our meanness toward you on the day of the shooting match. I know you'd 'a' won the rifle if you'd 'a' got a shot against them fellers."

"I did win it," said Seth.

"Not that day: a stranger-lad callin' himself the Eaglet won it."

Seth indulged in a low pleasant laugh, then said:

"I was the Young Eaglet from Sky-Puncher Peak."

"You!" exclaimed the trio in amazement.

"Yes; Maggie Harris and Emma Milbank had overheard you plotting against me the day before the match; and so they had it all arranged as to how you were to be beaten. But poor Maggie! she is in the power of the savages again. They captured her, another maiden and myself last night, and we were marched off this way—"

"Then the girls and their captors are near here?"

"When I left them, they were at the top of this rift."

"Then the red-skins 'll be apt to be looking after you."

"Yes; and I presume the sooner I get out of here, the better it 'll be for me."

"If you think you can trust us, Seth, count on us to help rescue the girl," said Rube.

"I will be only too glad to have you assist me. The Brigade is back in the vicinity of Lake Luster, and if I should wait till I hunt her up, the savages with the girls will be beyond our reach."

"Then lead the way and we'll follow," said Gus.

"I know not which way to lead to get out of this place," was his answer.

"Then come along," said Rube, taking up his rifle and entering the dense canopy of foliage.

The four made their way out of the thicket and passing down the valley, climbed the bank and set off in search of the savages.

The three boys were well armed with rifles and revolvers, and furnished Seth with an outfit. They crept back to the head of the valley where he had escaped from the red-skins, expecting to find the latter somewhere about. But in this they were disappointed. No trace of them was to be found.

As the savages would be compelled to cross the Minnesota in order to reach their stronghold, Seth supposed, from the course taken after leaving the lake, that they were aiming for what was known as Fagan's Ferry, where a number of boats were usually to be found.

Acting upon this supposition, he and his new-made friends set off for that point. They did not travel in a direct line, but bent their way a little to the right so as not to run upon the foreshore should they be on their way to the ferry.

They traveled rapidly, to make up time lost and to get in ahead of the savages at the river. But in this they were disappointed. The red-skins had preceded them to the ford by several minutes; and had just embarked with the captives, in a flat-boat belonging to the ferry, for the opposite shore as they came up.

"Mornin' kemp at last; and with the first streak o' light, I eagerly scanned the blue expanse o' water, that encircled me on every hand. But soon my hopes were turned to despair, for not a trace o' the old ship was in sight! Then the fearfulness o' my situation was full upon me! and it seemed that, indeed, I was lost!"

"For four nights and three days I floated upon the broad ocean, without a drop to drink or a crumb to eat, suffering almost unendurable pangs o' thirst, and with death seemin' to stare me in the face! But hopeless wur my watches, wan win my prayers for a sail to throw in sight, until the mornin' o' the fourth day, when my feverish vision was greeted by the sight o' a ship that had come up in the night, and was bearin' directly down upon me. With some difficulty I managed to signal to her; and soon had the satisfaction o' seein' a boat put out toards me. 'Of what followed, however, I can give but a faint idea. I hev a dim recollection o' bein' taken aboard the boat, and o' bein' carried on deck o' a strange ship; and then, I know no more.'

"I was aboard the ship a week afore I was able to do anyt'ing dooty. Durin' that time I was on deck but little, and hed not found out the character o' the ship that had picked me up, though I had a suspicion that they wur sumthin' 'bout it that was not right. However, that p'int was quickly settled one day, by the captain sayin' to me, arter cautiously beatin' round the bush awhile, that I hed picked up by a pirate ship, and es they wur short o' hands I mus' jine them."

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"Old Jack Lawrence ain't the man to turn pirate for nothin', and when the captain asked me to, I told him at onc'e I'd not do it. Then he flared up in a minnit, and swore that I shu'd do it or die. Es I had no pertickler desire to die just then, and arter thinkin' it over a minnit, I concluded it wur best to git 'long es easy es possible. So, at last, I told him that I would jine 'em. But, at the same time, I hed made up my mind that it would be only till I could find some chance o' escape. Howsumever, es he didn't know thatter, he seemed mighty pleased with my decision, and took me 'pon deck at onc'e, when I see'd that the black flag had bin histed, and I know'd that I was fairly in it for."

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